

Gentle Little Jenny (The Wife Wrapped in the Wether's Skin)

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AFS 1603 B1

I married me a wife, and took her home, yes I did. I married me a wife, and took her home, where the dew flies over the valley. I married me a wife, and took her home, but often I wished I'd let her alone, For often her heart seemed like a stone, my gentle little Jenny.

When I come in just from the field, yes it is. When I come in just from the field, to greet my little Jenny. When I come in just from the plow, and say kind wise, "My dear now." And scorn she bows and starts a row, my gentle little Jenny.

There's a piece of bread upon the shelf, see it there. There's a piece of bread upon the shelf, oh, my bouncing little laddie. There's a piece of bread upon the shelf, if you want anymore you can bake it yourself, My bouncing little laddie ??? your highness master Paddy.

I gets me a [white?] knife, and I went to the barn, yes I did. I gets me a knife, and I went to the barn, for to cut me an old hickory. I gets me a knife, and went to the barn, a hickory I cut as long as my arm, It did more good than a thousand charms for gentle little Jenny.

Then I went out to ??? the sheep pen, yes I did. Then I was out to my sheep pen, for all of my gentle Jenny. Then I went out to my sheep pen, and soon cut off a leather skin, Then I put my dear little Jenny in, my darling little Jenny.

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She did not like it on her back, no, no, no. She did not like it on her back, for the smart then to grow. She did not like it on her back, for my old hickory went [wickety wack?], It took out wrinkles and the slack, of darling little Jenny.

I'll tell my father and all my kin, yes I will. I'll tell my father and all my kin, my bouncing little laddie. I'll tell my father and all my kin, that you whipped me with your hickory limb, And then he'll say, come home to him, my bounce a little Paddy.

If you do, I'll tell you lies, yes, I will. If you do, I'll tell you lies, my darling little Jenny. If you do, I'll say you lied, I was only dressing my ??? hide, And that is true can not be 'nied, my darling little Jenny.

Then I come in to strum my plow, yes, it is. When I come in to strum my plow, my darling little Jenny. When I come in to strum my plow, she acts much better ??? a preacher now, In the old ??? she took a vow, my darling little Jenny.